

art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A rascally Slaue, I will tossie the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou doo'st, Ile canuas thee betwene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Musique.

Page. The Musique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Rascall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-silver.

Dol. And thou follow'd'st him like a Church: thou whorson little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poinet disguised.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol.*) doe not speake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They say *Poinet* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Mustard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him so then?

Fal. Because their Legges are both of a bignesse: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinke off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very smooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bate with telling of discrete stories: and such other Gamboll faculties hee hath, that shew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himselfe is such another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betwene their Haber-de-pois.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange, that Desire should so many yeeres out-lieue performance?

Fal. Kisse me *Dol.*

Prince. Saturne and Venus this yeere in Coniunction? What sayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie Trigon, his Man, be not lipping to his Masters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper.

Fal. Thou do'st giue me flatterring Busies.

Dol. Nay truly, I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a fcuriue young Boy of them all.

Fal. What stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I shall receiue Money on Thursday: thou shalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late,

wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt set me a weeping, if thou say'st so: proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prim. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Bastard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poinet*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of sinfull Continents, what a Life do'st thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hof. Oh, the Lord preserue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleste that sweete Face of thine: what are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad Compound of Maiestie: by this light Flesh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I scorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorson Candle-myne you, how wildly did you speake of me euen now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing on your good heart, and so shce is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not so: I did not thinke, thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuse.

Prince. Not to dispraye me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse (*Hall*).

Poin. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse (*Ned*) in the World; honest *Ned* none, I disprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thanks for it. No abuse (*Hall*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entyre Cowardise, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to close with vs? Is shce of the Wicked? Is thine Hostesse heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honest *Bardolph* (whose Zeale burnes in his Nose) of the Wicked?

Poin. Answer thou dead Elme, answer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irreconcilable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchen, where hee doth nothing but rost Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill out-bids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, shce is in Hell already, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether shce bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for suffering flesh to bee eaten in thy house, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. All Victuallers doe so: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What sayes your Grace?

Fal. His Grace sayes that, which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so lowd at doore? Look to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Westminster, And there are twentie weake and wearied Postes,

Come from the North: and as I came along, youn wol I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,

Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the Tauerne's,

And asking euery one for Sir *John Falstaff*.

Prince. By Heauen (*Poinet*) I feele me much to blame, So idly to prophane the precious time,

When Tempest of Commotion, like the South, Meets Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,

And drop vpon our bare vnarm'd heads.

Give me my Sword, and Cloake: *Exit.*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest Morfell of the night, and wee must hence, and leape it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to Court, Sir, presently; beoog A dozen Captaines flay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the Musicians, Sirrha: farewell Hostesse, farewell *Dol.* You see (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are sought after: the vndeferuay may sleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart be not readie to burst-- Well (*swete Lake*) haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell, *Exit.*

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come Pefcod-time: but an honest, and truer-hearted inan-- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mistress *Tears-sheer*.

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress *Tears-sheer* come to my Master.

Hof. Oh ruine *Dol*, ruine: ruine, good *Dol*.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick: But ere they come, bid them ore-reade these Letters, And well consider of them: make good speed. *Exit.*

How many thousand of my poorest Subiects Are at this howre asleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe, Natures soft Nurse, how haue I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe, And sleepe my Sences in Forgetfulnesse? Why rather (Sleepe) lye'st thou in smoakie Cribes, Vpon vn easie Pallads stretching thee, And huish't with bustling Night, flyes to thy slumber, Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great? Vnder the Canopies of costly State, And lull'd with sounds of sweetest Melodie? O thou dull God, why lye'st thou with the wilde, In loathsome Beds, and leau'st the Kingly Couch, A Watch-case, or a common Larum-Bell? Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Mast, Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines, In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge, And in the visitation of the Windes, Who take the Russian Billowes by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafning Clamors in the slipp'ry Clouds, That with the hurley, Death it selfe awakes? Canst thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repose To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre so rude, And in the calmest, and most stillest Night, With all appliances, and meanes to boote, Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe, Vncasie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maiestie, King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and past.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:) Haue you read o're the Letters that I sent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome, How foule it is: what ranke Diseases grow,

And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet distemper'd, blaw'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good aduice, and little Medicine:

My Lord *Northumberland* will soone be cool'd, King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate, And see the reuolution of the Times

Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent (Wearie of solide firmenesse) melt it selfe Into the Sea: and other Times, to see

The beachie Girdle of the Ocean Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks

And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,

Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends, Did feast together; and in two yeeres after,

Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres since, This *Perce* was the man, neere my Soule,

Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires, And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:

Yea, for my sake, euen to the eyes of *Richard* Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by (You Cousin *Neuil*, as I may remember)

When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares, (Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*) Did speake these words (now prou'd a Prophecie):

Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My